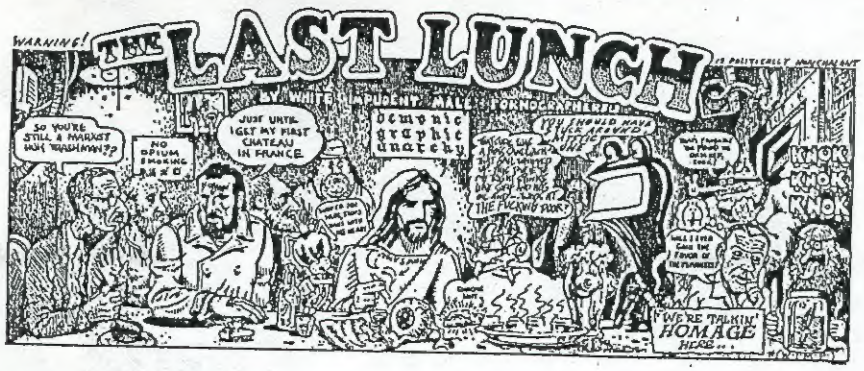
Clay Geerdes' COMIX WAVE 151. © 1994. All Rights Reserved. Artwork herein is © the artists concerned and used for promotional purposes only. $12 for my next dozen issues. POB 7094, Berkeley, CA 94707. Make checks or MOs to Clay Geerdes.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... IT'S MY GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE HOTTEST BAND AROUND... PLEASE GIVE A BIG SAVOY WELCOME TO...
BUGHOUSE!
HOWDY!

BUGHOUSE 1 is the latest from Steve Lafler. Some of the original art for this book is available. If you are interested, send an SASE to Steve at 495 Elwood Ave., #5, Oakland, CA 94610. The comic was inspired by Miles Davis and Ornette Coleman.

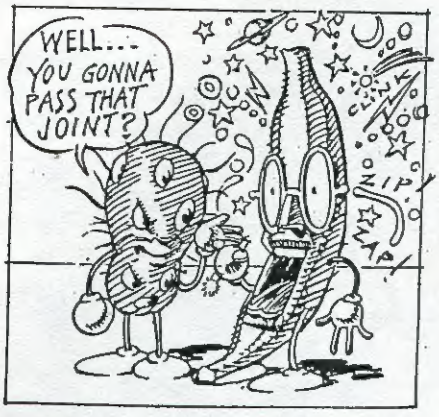
Doug Allen did the cover for **BUZZARD 11**. $3.75 from Cat-Head Comics, POB 576, Hudson, MA 01749. There's a new Dogboy story in this one and Bob Crabb enlightens everyone on "The Dan O'Neill Method" of cartooning.

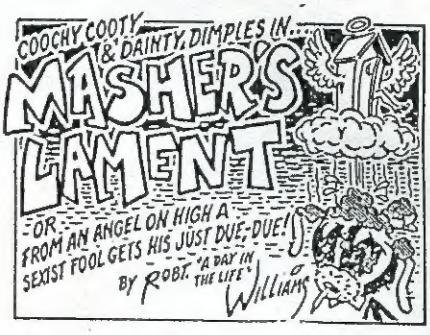
The Dan O'Neill METHOD
BY R.L. CRABB
YEARS AGO, DAN O'NEILL SHARED HIS UNIQUE APPROACH TO CARTOONING WITH ME...
THIS IS MY STUDIO, BOB!
..ALL YOU NEED IS A PIECE OF PAPER TAPED TO A FLAT TABLE, A BUCKET OF INDIA INK, A PULLEY AND SOME TWINE..
HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE CHICKENS DOING HERE?
..DON'T RUSH ME, KID!
CLUCK


WARNING!
THE LAST LUNCH
BY WHITE & PRUDENT MALE
So you're still a Marxist Ish, Washman??
No opium smoking Ish!
Just until I get my first chateau in France.
Demonic graphic anarchy
Knok Kook Knok
We're talkin' HOMAGE here...

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER ZAP

ZAP 13 is out from Last Gasp. The form and content will reassure everyone that there are some things that do not change. The issue is dedicated to Rick Griffin who died when he crashed his Harley in Petaluma on August 17, 1991. Victor Moscoso's cover and a number of the internal references are to Rick and his life. It's doubtful that the uninformed outsider will make much of this comic book. While some of the material is accessible, a great deal of it is eclectic, in-jokes for the illuminati. The average reader will have no trouble understanding Crumb's umpteenth retelling of his frustrated childhood and adolescence or Spain's reminiscence from his youthful participation in the Road Vultures, but what to make of the **ZAP** jam? The jam has always been a stream-of-consciousness exercise in which the various members of the **ZAP** inner-circle toss in fragments from their revery, so it would be the rare reader who understood what is meant to be seen without intellectual interference. It's possible to write several pages about the first panel of *THE LAST LUNCH* and I expect someone will do that in the future. Suffice it for me to say that Rick Griffin occupies the seat taken by Jesus in *THE LAST SUPPER* and that the Flying Eyeball is a reference to Von Dutch and Griffin. Rick moved it into Greatful Dead art. **ZAP 13**, like the earlier issues goes from the sublime to the ridiculous. I know you can't get it where you live, so order it for $3.73 pp from Last Gasp, POB 410067, San Francisco, CA 94141-0067.




COOCHY COOTY & DAINTY DIMPLES IN...
MASHER'S LAMENT
OR AN ANGEL ON HIGH A FROM AN ANGEL GETS HIS JUST DUE-DUE!
SEXIST FOOL
BY ROBT. "A DAY IN THE LIFE" WILLIAMS

HEY BEULAH-MASH THIS UP WITH LOLA BROWN GRAVY THEN BRING IT TO MY ROOM!
WHAT BUT...
TICK TICK TICK
LISTEN UP, CHECKIE-DEE, I AM NOT CALLED "BEULAH" NO LONGER! ADDRESS ME BY MY NEW AFRICAN NAME, "KEEZA M'YASTAH"!

IF YOU DON'T FUCK ME I'M LEAVING!
DRUGSTORES TODAY ARE FANTASTIC— THEY SELL BATTERY-RUN DILDOES OF PLASTIC. THEY COME RED, WHITE OR SPADE— ALL JAPANESE MADE— AS WELL IN SLOW, FAST AND SPASTIC.

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